

the last reading

I'm going through
hundreds of old poems
most back from editors
rejected over and over
something made me keep
them about

but today is the last
reading
if they don't show
at least a bit
of art

into the fireplace
they'll go

gagaku

I'd call more women
but the last one said
I was a pain to know
and I was very uncentered

the demons treat me better
they hold pans
dishes of fresh fruit
steaming breakfast meats
potatoes
home fried

utensils they try to playfully
poke in my eyes
but this is just poetry
imagination at work
it doesn't
hurt